Tributes to

Abraham Lincoln

Excerpts from newspapers and other sources providing testimonials lauding the 16th President of the United States

Post-Assassination

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THE GLORY OF A MAN WHO LOVES HIS FELLOW-MEN.

WHAT, *then, do we learn from the life of such a man* as Abraham Lincoln? It is the simplest, plainest truth in all history—the greatest man in the world is the man who loves his fellow-men. Kings come and go; nations rise and fall; military glory and political eminence flare for their moment and then die away. Men may erect great monuments to their memory; genius may leave its marvels behind it; masters may build their powerful institutions,—but there is only one living force that pulsates through the ages and that is the heart of man himself.

Let your eyes rest upon Lincoln, not with the din of battle in your ears, not with the shout of victory nor the pangs of defeat in your heart, but as a man who knew no malice, who knew no envy, who knew no glory,—but who knew only that he loved his fellow-men and that he was one of the most humble among them.

The funeral train moves slowly from the nation's capital; watch-fires blaze in the darkness as it passes; bells are tolling. Was there ever a procession like this—nearly two thousand miles of a people's tribute? Twenty-five million fellow-men bowing their heads in prayer.

Now he is home at last—home again in Springfield, where he longed to rest after his work was done. It is May-day the fourth. Tenderly, they are bearing him to the foot of the wooded knoll; they are laying him in the shade of the oaks.

Hark! Can you hear the melody? From every mountain and valley; from every state and clime—the solemn strains of the dirge are swelling.

The sun drops over the hills. Twilight bathes the blossoming foliage and gathers its darkening shadows about the tomb. The world has lost a simple, honest man—and immortality has gained one. From every nation and from every people, from farm and bench and throne of monarchs, come tributes of his greatness; for days and months they came; for years and for decades they have been coming, and ever will as long as memory shall last and men shall love an honest heart.

This is the true Lincoln—the Lincoln that you should know; the Lincoln the generations will know when they have forgotten that blinding war of brother against brother, and come to grasp the hand of this great, strong, homely man among men. This is the Lincoln that the world will love—the common heritage of all races and times—the man with a heart big enough to hold the whole world.

LINCOLN LORE

Bulletin of the Lincoln National Life Foundation - - - - - - Dr. Louis A. Warren, Editor.
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THE MOST SOLEMN EASTER

While there may be no spiritual depression in America the economic need everywhere is bound to temper the season of exaltation which is usually experienced at Easter time. One is led to recall other years when the normal approach to this significant religious celebration was influenced by current events.

The most solemn Easter in the history of America was April 16, 1865, when from every pulpit in the North and many in the South there emanated words of lamentation rather than praise. The assassination of Abraham Lincoln which occurred on Good Friday, April 14, 1865, was the cause of national mourning.

Inasmuch as the dates of April, 1865, coincide with the dates of April, this year, it seems timely to refer to some of the reactions of the clergy who felt moved to lay aside their prepared messages of joy and speak of the great calamity which had fallen on the nation by the death of Abraham Lincoln.

The excerpts which follow, selected from messages delivered by the preachers of Boston, Massachusetts, are typical of those heard throughout the nation.

Rev. Warren H. Cudworth

"We would have celebrated the joyous festival of Easter today.... But, yesterday morning like a clap of thunder from clear skies, came the appalling announcement, 'The President has been assassinated'.... And is it not strange that Good Friday was the day, of all days in the year, chosen by the murderer for his infamous deed? It is one of those remarkable historical coincidences, which, whether we will or not, challenge observation and cause remark; and, no doubt, could our President have spoken after he was shot, he would have forgiven the cowardly perpetrator of this inhuman act, and rounded the parallel with a final and complete imitation of our Lord's example."

Rev. Cyrus A. Bartol

"What a contrast the last tragedy to our late jubilee! God seems to have chosen sacred days for his messages on two successive Sundays appointing celebrations of victory and now giving to Good Friday and Easter a new association indeed in Christian memories."

Rev. James Freeman Clarke

"Perhaps the crime committed last Friday night, in Washington, is the worst ever committed on any Good Friday since the crucifixion of Christ. It was not only assassination for despots and tyrants have been so exposed; but it was parricide; for Abraham Lincoln was as a father to the whole nation."

Rev. Chandler Robbins

"And now, on this blessed Easter Sunday, which we were expecting to celebrate with double gladness, through the association of our joy for our country's triumph with our rejoicings for our Redeemer's victory, He has permitted our land to be shrouded with such a tragic gloom as even the radiance of the resurrection cannot wholly dispel."

Rev. W. S. Studley

"This bright Easter morning is one of the saddest, and, at the same time, one of the most hopeful mornings that ever dawned upon the American people.... Abraham Lincoln, our President, whose mental and moral vision was as clear and true as a sunbeam, and whose great heart was as tender and loving as a woman's, a man who possessed such a genial and generous nature that he had scarcely a personal enemy in the world.... this wise and just and merciful ruler lies murdered in the capital!"

Rev. E. N. Kirk

"On Sunday, the 16th, the voice of song has died in our streets. The triumphant banner of the Republic wears the weeds of widowhood. A word can start the tear in every eye. Arrangements for rejoicing are suspended. A nation is making preparations for a funeral; the greatest funeral but one it ever attended; yes, the greatest; for, the people never buried such a President at such a time—a murdered President."

Rev. W. R. Nicholson

"Easter is the synonym of joy and triumph, and Easter day has come. How sweetly its blessed light has dawned upon us this morning. And yet it has brought with it the saddest tidings—yes, in an important sense, the saddest tidings—which have ever concerned us since we were a people. Today, our whole land is filled with sorrow and mourning; not only so, but with the keenest sense of national shame and mortification."

Rev. William Hague

"Never, we believe, since the death of Washington did the countenance of every man, every woman, and every child, over the broad area of the republic, express a sentiment of grief so profound and keen as that which covers us now, whithersoever we may turn."

Rev. Rufus Ellis

"Our Easter flowers shall remain in the house of prayer, not because we are glad, we cannot be glad today—but because we are full of the great hope which is the Christian's anchor, and which holds in the stormiest sea. They are providentially here to grace the burial of our Chief Magistrate...."

Rev. Edward E. Hale

"'And on earth peace, good will toward men.' The martyrdom of Good Friday does not make us all the more sad, though we read it the earlier tears. Of such martyrs, it is as true as ever, that their blood is the seed of the church."

Rev. George L. Chaney

"All speech is so feeble in the presence of the national grief and indignation, that I would choose to be a silent worshipper with you, while each should listen to the solemn preaching of the event, as his own heart might only interpret it. But since the occasion, and your general expectation, not unfairly demand speech, I will try so to speak as not to disturb your hearts' conference with its own bitter grief."

Rev. E. B. Webb

"Men hold their breath, and turn pale at the appalling words. Citizens meet, and shake hands, and part in silence. Words express nothing when uttered. All attempt to express the nation's grief is utterly commonplace and insignificant. An eclipse seems to have come upon the brilliancy of the flag—a smile seems irrelevant and sacrilegious. Even the fresh, green grass, just coming forth to meet the return of spring and the singing of birds, seems to wear the shadows of twilight at noonday. The sun is less bright than before, and the very atmosphere seems to hold in it for the tearful eyes a strange ethereal element of gloom. Surely 'the night cometh.'"

Rev. Henry W. Foote

"Our hearts, so recently, alas! throbbing with an exultant sense of security in the blessed assurance of approaching peace, have been quickly clothed again in the habit of anguish so familiar, but now in a sackcloth darker than the hues of many battles could have brought, whose hues of mourning must hereafter darken all our lives.... Nor even can God's whitest angel of peace return, save with tear-dimmed eyes, and the disquiet of a mighty sorrow."

Rev. John E. Todd

"Such was the dreadful story. It was ticked off at first, at midnight, to a few blanched faces, and was rejected. It came again with stronger authority. It stared out in grim and terrible lines from the morning papers, making the brain of the reader to reel, and the heart to grow sick. It was told in husky and frightened tones by one to another, and with voices choked with tears. It leaped from face to face, pale and livid, as we never saw the faces of the people before. It began to fringe the flags, and darken the streets which were but recently so gay, it began to create gloom, and a hush and holiness in business hurries, which, but a few days since were filled with crowds and processions and cheers and music. It began to wail from steeple to steeple. It leaped at a bound from the cannon's mouth in a loud thunder. And, at length, we began to realize today, that our beloved President is no more."

ANNIVERSARY OF THE ASSASSINATION OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

The first anniversary of the assassination of ABRAHAM LINCOLN recalls in all its horrors the most terrible tragedy of modern times, and stirs the fountain of a sorrow that bathed a whole world in tears. The relatives and friends of three hundred thousand heroes, who died that Freedom might live, will repair this day to their honored graves, and mingle their mournings over their own departed with the grief that bewails what was a loss to all mankind. As we recur to the details of the assassination itself, how singularly they conspire to preserve it in remembrance! No event in human history is more certain to survive the rush of revolution and the accidents of time. As in God's Providence no portion of the known habitable globe has ever seemed to be so distinctively assigned for the trial of proving the fitness of man for his own best government, so it would seem that he who had led a people onward in the path of almost impossible progress, was marked out for such a death as would at once sanctify his successful experiment, and wed his name to Liberty through uncounted ages. He died at the hands of the enemies of his country, in the midst of acts of pardon and words of forgiveness, and he fell on the day of the crucifixion of the Son of God and the Saviour of man. So, as men study the lesson of inspired martyrdom, they will recount the deed that lost a Christian nation its liberator and its friend. But these are not the only elements that preserve the living services and the final sacrifice of ABRAHAM LINCOLN. When he fell under the bullet of the pro-slavery fiend, his country was rising, recuperated and revenged, from the triumphant fields of battle. "He fell on the very day the old flag came down on Sumpter, but not till his soul had gone up with that flag." There was nothing wanting, therefore, to perpetuate this stupendous crime and the resulting calamity. How the American people and the civilized world received it is told in our broad pages this morning. Quick, spontaneous, universal was this wondrous demonstration of human sorrow. From the highest to the lowest, from the prince on his throne in the farthest and oldest nations of the earth to the just-liberated slave in the everglades of the American South, "from lands of snow to lands of flowers," myriads spoke the language of amazement, indignation and woe. We have sought, in recognition of this terrible event, to accumulate and condense a few of the trophies and incidents which constituted this unprecedented history. The philosophy of this spectacle does not end with the profound sermon on the brevity of human life and the ecstacy of human grief. It is better taught in the imperishable moral and warning of the example.

No one has done so much to impress the lesson of this awful tragedy upon the minds of the men, and esp ly upon the American people, as th lic character who, within the last few months, has labored so vigorously to forget it. In the very act of trying to violate his own pledges and the teachings of the assassination itself, he has unconsciously contributed to render these pledges and teachings forever memorable. If it were possible to take ANDREW JOHNSON by the hand and lead him through the days that succeeded the morning of the 15th of April, 1865, when, by a deed that made angels weep, he became the instrument to protect the Government and to punish traitors, he would be shocked as he realized the change between the joy and gratitude that accompanied his footsteps while nobly discharging his duty, and the gloom, and doubt, and despair that surrounded him after he determined upon that fatal "policy" which has consolidated the loyal people against his perverted administration.

Elsewhere will be found his first formal public pledge, spoken and sealed almost at the side of the murdered LINCOLN. Following these solemn words, so fitly chosen, and so deliberately iterated, covering so completely the whole gospel of public duty, were other utterances, equally clear, still further elaborating and emphasizing the original covenant. On this holy day it is most righteous to ask *why* ANDREW JOHNSON should seek to forfeit his honor and forget his faith? Here is a question not put by one, nor by one thousand, but by millions of people. The vast population that voted him into the Vice Presidency has asked it in thunder tones from the ballot-boxes. The multitudes of liberated slaves ask it in fear and trembling, as they find a foe where they prayed for a friend—a proscriptionist where they looked for a protector. The fathers and mothers, and sisters and brothers, of the hundreds of thousands who fell fighting for the Republic, and who behold him who was the second officer of the Republic, first in the confidence and affections of the traitors and rebels they put down on the battle-field, ask it with mingled indignation and shame. It is not a faction that addresses this inquiry to ANDREW JOHNSON; but the whole people, feeling themselves betrayed where they had placed their profoundest trust. But there is a signal value in a day like this. It offers an opportunity to recall the past with its ten thousand admonitions to revise the responsibilities of the present, and to prepare with stern resolve for the wearing and terrible ordeal of the future. The American people had set apart to-day as one of humiliation for the loss of a national benefactor, and also as a period when they might thank God for a country saved through the fidelity of his successor. They find it indeed a day of humiliation—a day when, while fondly tracing the example of the slaughtered sage, his simple and his virtuous life, his noble maxims, and his Christian republicanism they find neither consolation or hope in the man who succeeds him. But if ANDREW JOHNSON forgets the day and its warnings, it is not so with them. More than ever idolized is the fame of ABRAHAM LINCOLN because ANDREW JOHNSON presents so sad a reverse to the sacred picture. More than ever are the principles illustrated in his life and consecrated in his death made essential to the individual and to the general welfare; more than ever are fortitude, unselfishness and patriotism, elevated into the cardinal virtues and crystallized into the American character. Of the illustrious man whose death we mourn today we prefer to speak in the glowing language of another:

"This unknown man, a stranger to office and statesmanship, to public praise or public blame, without great genius or great experience, or great fame, acquired or traditional, to gild error or confirm merit, with a name to make, an oath to keep, a people to save, a crime to punish, the volcano heaving under his feet, the oath warning him over his head, the dagger at his breast, an empire in his hands, backed by a divided North, denied by a seemingly-united South, his obscure and spotless name at once the synonym of England's sneer and Richmond's curse; with only a pure heart, a clear eye, and a steady hand to lay without flinching on the most dangerous crisis, the most doubtful issues, the most perplexing duties, the most daring and defiant, the most well-bred, well-considered, comprehensive, cultivated, hell-engendered plot that ever dashed its bloody hand and icy heart against the elements of law and order. He found himself heir to a statesmanship confused, shuffling and pusillanimous, occupied only with the question as to how we should permit

our institutions to be murdered most gracefully, and he left his public policy candid, earnest, self-sustaining, engaged only with the question how the attempted murderers could be treated most mercifully. He found American nationality suddenly confronting him as a disgraceful doubt; he parted with it a terribly-respected fact. He found the Government a dissolving giant, dying of an old cancer that had baffled the best physicians; he lived to cut out the poison with his sword, and find his well-knit, well-mannered, vigorous, compact patient a perpetual and healthful mourner at his grave. Sorely in need of force to meet the arming crime, he found our little navy had been sent yachting in the Indian and Pacific seas, that treason might cruise more seriously along the streams of our progress. He lived to fill the world with our swarming ships, original in design, invincible in defence, terrible in destruction, able to defend one continent and defy another. He came into possession of 15,000 regular soldiers, scattered over as many miles, and 1,000,000 of men by him equipped reversed their arms on his funeral march. He found the people quailing under a debt of eighty millions and fearing the weight of it must bar the door to national salvation; he left them with their country redeemed, their resources more developed, their trade increased, and a mountain of three thousand millions of debt scaled at all points for investment, without officially calling on a single foreign dollar to help us purchase our domestic safety. He found the public feeling and the sense of citizenship demoralized, the tone of political responsibility lowered, the suffrage a mere vehicle for partisan aggrandizement, the love of country at the mercy of a States' right dogma, a party tie, a demagogue's breath; national obligations, confused and evaporating in a narrow local selfishness that would part with an empire to save a hobby, that would not give up a prejudice to keep up the wisest and most beneficent systems ever sworn to by man. He lived to see the sun dawn on a united people purified by suffering; their sense of danger elevating their sense of duty and unity. By personal example of earnest, disinterested public service, by patience, courage and faith in all well-doing, more than by sermon, homily or proclamation, did this good chieftain mould the better life of the nation and preserve it from false prophets and false issues, keeping it in the steady line of calm and inflexible determination to pass through its perils, to accept its sacrifices, to live up to its duties and so save all that heroism had acquired and freedom and virtue sanctified. He accomplished all this, not without, perhaps, many errors of inexperience and defects of judgment; not without sometimes ringing the little bell a little too often, or drawing the bolt a little too soon; sometimes overworking the war power, in which fewer mistakes could hardly have been made with so many crimes to lock up and use up; the people preferring the occasional despotism of mistakes to the permanent despotism of crimes; preferring an incompetent man, sometimes inadvertently kept in office, to an absurd cause enthroned forever. He passed through this storm of war, this criticism of civil duty, these murmurs of complaint, these periods of panic, to victory and immortality, not without much help from heaven, many friends, brilliant aids and immense resources. He saw a foreign oligarchy envious and malignant, banded to write down and wear down the purest and most powerful type of modern republicanism; he saw a home opposition, reckless, wanton and depraved, showering his most righteous acts with defiant slanders and cruel perversions in a crisis entitled to magnanimity and generous forbearance; he saw this dastardly tribe brought down, humbled and helpless, before the simple efforts of persistent and well-directed achievements; he saw the South, that had exhausted upon him every epithet and every feeling of hatred and calumny, who had taught their slaves to ridicule him, their children to loathe and lisp the alphabet of never-ending scorn and bitterness; he saw this South, staggering and dying under his incessant blows, lifting its fainting head to deny and to regret a death which might uncomfortably precipitate them from the chastisement of principle to the chastisement of revenge.

To all these merits of energy, patience, probity, sagacity, eloquence, and aptitude for organization and execution, which distinguished the great emancipator, must now be added the melancholy merit of national martyrdom. As in his life his achievements render his rule the most important and conspicuous Presidential career since Washington's, so in his death he stands alone as the first public character violently swept from the sphere of its usefulness; a great guardian stricken down from the side of a great truth, just as it was passing from the perils of war to the exigencies of peace. Will not emancipation—this infant, born in the hail of blood-binding war—will it not miss that relaxed hand, that stilled voice, as the orphan totters through opposing ranks to rank in power?

As we weigh these golden sentences, and shrink before the terrible contrast they suggest, we must remember that while they tell how much we have lost, they shine out as the stern proofs that a nation saved by so much valor and so many sacrifices *can never be wholly destroyed.*

Elliston P. Morris, John B. Garrett and Wm. Evans, Jr., were requested to draw up an appropriate minute in reference to the recent death of our beloved President, Abraham Lincoln.

Then adjourned.

JOHN E. CARTER, *Sec'y pro tem.*

The Committee appointed at last meeting to prepare a minute relative to the death of Abraham Lincoln, presented the following, which was directed to be recorded:

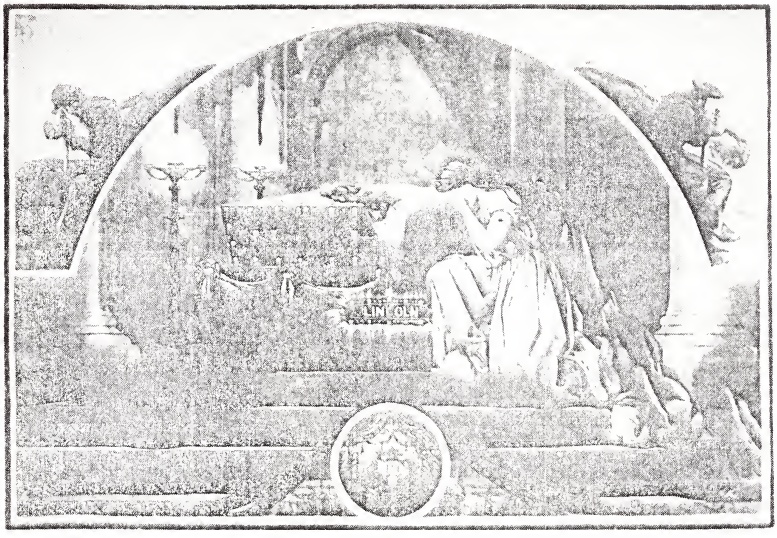
While sharing in the deep grief common to all loyal hearts in this nation, and which we feel must pervade also the breasts of all in other lands who respect honesty, simplicity and firmness for the right, caused by the inexpressibly sad loss of the late beloved President of the United States, our Board has, in this event, its own special cause of mourning. Sympathizing most truly in the suffering of the colored refugees which called our Association into existence, he ever voluntarily strove to do what his office enabled, towards mitigating their distress; and in the midst of the pressing cares of the nation he frequently instituted measures for their relief.

This action was stimulated by no ambition for a display of benevolent feeling, but was the natural fruit of a kindliness of heart which was eminently characteristic of him, and which prompted him to treat all as friends and brothers, without distinction of color.

Impressed with the belief that slavery was sinful in itself and hurtful to the nation, he nevertheless, on his accession to the presidential office, hesitated to interfere with its existence, from a conscientious regard for the claims of the people of all sections of the Union, until convinced that its extinction was a measure which it was his duty to adopt as necessary in repressing that rebellion which slavery itself had culminated in. His administration will be memorable in history as that under which the clause of the Declaration of Independence of the United States, proclaiming "all men to be created free and equal," came to be something more than mocking words.

While it is not our purpose to enter upon an elaborate eulogy of his merits, it seems but fitting that we should bear our testimony to his worth as a ruler and a man, and to the high example which he has set before us of basing his actions upon *Christian principle*, avoiding the petty arts of the politician and diplomatist, and uniting candor and truthfulness to impartiality and generosity; not turning aside from his views of the right, either from the irritating attacks and misrepresentations of his political opponents, nor from the well-meant but mistaken advice of his friends who would urge him into precipitate measures.

In the midst of his usefulness, and when apparently he was just about to witness the restoration of peace, and the reconstruction of the Southern States of the Union upon the basis of freedom to all classes, he has, in the infinite wisdom of Divine Providence, been suddenly and very unexpectedly removed, we humbly trust where the "wicked cease from troubling, and where the weary are forever at rest."


LINCOLN

THE SECRETARY OF WAR. The Washington correspondent of the Daily Advertiser, pays the following deserved tribute to Secretary Stanton. In speaking of the events immediately preceding the assassination of the President, the writer says:

That no riot broke out Saturday night or Sunday night, that the utmost quiet reigned everywhere, that every man's life was perfectly safe, that our good name was not tarnished, that our people gave the last proof of noble manhood, that the nation stood the test of the worst possible strain, that the worth of our government and our institutions was proven in that terrible crucible beyond which there can be no doubt or question, I regard as due in a very great degree to Edwin M. Stanton, Secretary of War. I don't know that there was any attempt at creating a riot and inaugurating temporary anarchy; nor do I forget the just and humbleness manner in which Mr. Secretary McCulloch makes the point that the event which would have shaken any other government to its centre did not even stagger ours; and of course neither can I nor any one else say what would have been done had the circumstances been other than they were; but any observant man who was in the city during those two days and nights will bear witness to the fact that a terrible riot might have been raised there in twenty minutes by any cool, strong man.

Well as the country at large knows Mr. Stanton, Washington knows him a great deal better. Other places feel his hand occasionally;—Washington has felt it and seen it very often. Whatever else he may have forgotten or overlooked, he never has forgotten or overlooked Washington since the day he was made Secretary of War. Whether he has always done wisely, and whether what he has done might have been done in different manner, are questions I do not now and here discuss. I content myself with saying that the peace and good order which have generally prevailed in Washington for the last three years are matters that must mainly be set down to his credit.

Whether he has used military power too much there and elsewhere is a question which cannot be answered till it is seen how readily and gracefully he withdraws its exercise during the summer in places where the civil power will be strong enough for all emergencies. It is not yet time to charge him with wilful abuse of position and power; and I am very sure that if the manner in which he gives up his power, now that the armed resistance of the rebellion is broken, proves that he has meant its use solely for the good of the republic, the people will not only acquit him of blame for the manner in which he has used it, but in time come to speak of him with praise and gratitude.

He has not believed that the nation could carry on war on peace principles; and being forced into the war, he has meant by enemies of the cause and the country should know that the War Department meant war in all it did. Let us see how he lays down the iron glove and the sharp and strong word, and reserve judgment on him for another year.

However other secretaries might be humbugged or flattered, Washington has known for three years that Mr. Stanton was alike indifferent to praise or blame, and no more accessible to honeyed words of flattery than to stormy words of hate and wrath. He has emphatically been a terror in the eyes of Washington rebels, as well as in the eyes of a good many other people there. The signs of his will and watchfulness and determination are well enough known to every person living there; and though there was no bluster during that Saturday and Sunday, everybody knew by a thousand signs that the fingers of his iron hand lay along every street in the city and rested upon hundreds of houses.

What might the War Department do? or, rather, what might it not do? That sharp sense of the presence of a power whose strength no one could estimate, did more than any other one thing to carry the national capital safely and serenely through the great crisis following upon the death of the President by the hand of the assassin. A mob raised then, even to destroy the houses of the fifty worst rebels in Washington, would not have been treated to blank cartridges or conciliatory speeches; and everybody in Washington was well aware of that fact. It is not the first occasion on which the knowledge that there was power has prevented the necessity for the use of power.

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PRESIDENT LINCOLN'S FUNERAL IN CANADA.

It is, we believe, the common belief of all the European residents in the United States, that no country of Europe has ever witnessed anything approaching the exhibition of mourning throughout the United States on the death of President Lincoln. The funeral services in British America are no less remarkable. There is probably no precedent in the world's history of a whole country paying such tribute of honor to the memory of the head of a foreign nation. In almost every town of Canada the places of business were closed on Wednesday from 12 to 2; the churches were thronged for the celebration of the funeral rites, public buildings and private houses were largely draped in mourning, and all voices united in the manifestation of grief at the loss sustained by the United States and of horror at the work of the assassin. Previously, the town councils with a very creditable unanimity had passed resolutions of sympathy with the family of the murdered President and with the people of the United States. We have had, in the course of this war, to register many acts of unfriendliness toward the United States on the part of a considerable portion of the press and the people of British America. It is gratifying to acknowledge this expression of sympathy on the part of our neighbors in our great national affliction.

OUR RICHMOND CORRESPONDENCE.

The President's Assassination in Richmond.

Special Correspondence of the Inquirer.

RICHMOND, Sunday, April 16, 4 P. M.

The Terrible Tragedy

At Washington has thrown a pall over even this lately reclaimed portion of the Union. It was not until noon to-day that even a whisper of the rumor got abroad, but once started, it spread like fire in stubble. "President Lincoln has been assassinated in Ford's Theatre," was on every tongue. Officers and men of our army, officers and men of the Rebel army, citizens of Richmond, and strangers sojourning here, all talked subdued ly of the sad event; and here I must say, that as yet I have seen no countenance wreathed in smiles, have heard from no single lip a word of satisfaction; but, on the contrary, everybody, even the Rebels, seem conscious that a great calamity has overtaken the land, whose baneful effects will be no less hurtful to the South than the North.

The Secession element seem keenly alive to the fact that the change can be of no possible benefit to them, and they, consequently, deplore it heartily. Our army and the Union people here are staggering under the weight of the blow. This is not a figurative expression. Men go about as though in a horrible dream, and find themselves asking can this be true? Every man walks the streets, converses with a friend, and pursues his usual avocations as though the corpse of his nearest and dearest were lying in his house awaiting burial.

Nothing is positively known here beyond the fact that a great misfortune has overtaken the land. How the deed was done, who did it, and what the motive, are as unknown as the secrets of the grave. Exactly the injury sustained by the President is even subject for dispute; some asserting that he was killed outright, others saying that he was wounded only, and is still alive. Head-quarters are as silent as death on the matter; not a reply will be given to a question; not by even a sign or look, will any of them disclose the extent of their knowledge.

It was evidently feared that the turbulent element here might be incited to some active violence by the event, and various precautionary measures have been taken, but so far there is [illegible] sign that the Secessionists do not consider the event as great a calamity as we do, although entirely from different motives.

President Lincoln dead, and murdered! We of the army can hardly realize that the dark ages have returned. The army generally has no knowledge yet of the sad occurrence. But when it does, who can paint its feelings? The soldiers loved the President; his kindness of heart, his honesty, his truth, his fidelity to them and to his country, his simplicity, his sterling sense, even his quaintness of speech, all these had enshrined him in their hearts.

It was but a few short days ago that the man, President of a great people, visited the general hospitals of the army at City Point. He rode through every ward, took every man of the thousands by the hand, and spoke a kind word, thanking him for the service he had done his country. The labor was great, the man was almost prostrated by fatigue, but he thought it his duty to thank the kindly, honest man did.

And this man is dead! Martyr of the Republic! [illegible] Richmond, in the [illegible] his authority [illegible]

4/14/

THE POPULAR SORROW.

WALTHAM. Upon receipt of the mournful news on Saturday, Waltham was not lacking in her expression of sorrow at the sad calamity that has befallen our country. Many of the stores were closed, windows draped with mourning colors, and flags displayed at half-mast. At the Walch factory but little was done in the morning, and in the afternoon it was closed entirely.

FITCHBURG. At Fitchburg, by request of the town authorities, the stores and places of business were closed, the bells were tolled, the flags and public buildings were draped in mourning, and in the afternoon the town hall was densely filled with the sorrow-stricken citizens, who gathered together almost spontaneously to implore the Divine aid. George E. Towne presided, and briefly and feelingly addressed the assembly upon the sad event. Appropriate hymns were sung, the Scriptures were read by Rev. Mr. Jones, and prayers were made by Rev. Mr. Brooks and Rev. Mr. Steele, and resolutions were adopted expressing the grief of this community under the nation's great bereavement.

Chicago Tribune.

MONDAY, MAY 1. 1865.

IN MEMORIAM.

Five years ago this month there was assembled in Chicago a political convention to which the eyes of the nation, and of a large portion of christendom, were directed with uncommon interest. The crowd, congregated from all the Northern and many of the Southern States, was immense. In this convention was embodied the sentiment of the country hostile to slavery, the purpose of its assembling being to reverse the policy of the country in regard to that institution. The large building needed to accommodate the delegates and spectators was filled to its utmost capacity, and the adjoining streets, thronged with thousands unable to gain admittance, presented a scene of eager and excited interest, such as Chicago had never before witnessed. After a brief and friendly contest the convention selected, as the standard-bearer of the Republican party in the momentous conflict soon to take place, a man known to the public only for his inflexible honesty and sterling common sense. The friends of the successful candidate, when interrogated as to the measure of his brain, could only reply that he had been found equal to all the emergencies of his station, some of which had been extremely difficult and embarrassing. The nomination was received by the assembled thousands with an enthusiasm bordering upon rapture, and Abraham Lincoln, the man who had raised himself by honorable toil from the most humble walks of life to a position of eminence, by the exercise of honesty and common sense, was in due time elected Chief Magistrate of the American people.

Five years have passed, during all of which Abraham Lincoln has been the most conspicuous figure in the civilized world. To-day the city in which he was nominated President of the United States is gathered together to bury him. The solemnity of such an occasion oppresses the mind and bows the heart of every lover of his country to the dust. The contrast between the scene of to-day and that of the great Convention is solemn beyond anything in our history, or perhaps in any history. That Abraham Lincoln should die is nothing that we should marvel at, for it is appointed unto all men once to die. The significance of the contrast so imposing in other respects, lies in the fact that by an inscrutable Providence Abraham Lincoln was nominated to be President and nominated to be murdered at the same instant of time. Selected to be the champion of the anti-slavery sentiment of the country, he was likewise selected to be the special object of the malignity of slavery and its devotees. Thus he assumed all the responsibilities of his station, including the liability to be assassinated for the faith that was in him, we know. If those lips, now closed forever, could open but once more, they would tell us that Abraham Lincoln is content to die for the principles that his country has confided to his keeping. He has joined the noble army of martyrs, and we who follow his dust, and drop our tears over his last earthly resting-place, may be assured that his honorable fame will be cherished to the last syllable of time, and that his spirit has already entered into the joy of his Lord.

The qualities of honesty and common sense which secured for Mr. Lincoln his nomination to the Presidency have distinguished him during all the trials of his official term. No other qualities would have answered the fiery emergency so well. Indeed, without these qualities wrought into the utmost perfection, he must have failed again and again.

Anon.

It was the first necessity of his position that he should command the confidence of the people, whose lives and property were called to the sacrifice. Believing their President to be honest, believing him to be as wise as it is permitted to man to be in the midst of such difficulties as his, the people shrank from no task to which he summoned them. Loving their country above all things, they trusted its destiny to Abraham Lincoln with almost implicit faith. There were dark hours in his first term of office—hours when many doubted whether the Union could be saved under his administration. Mr. Lincoln had not the supernatural gifts which would have enabled him to perform such tremendous duties as fell upon him without occasional mistakes, yet there never was a time when he was not performing his duty conscientiously as he understood it. The trait of character for which he was chided most was kindness of heart. This man, who under the blessing of God and with the support and confidence of the people, brought the nation through the trials of the past four years in safety, had a heart as tender as a child's. Let those who would censure this element of his character remember the admonition of the Apostle: "And now abideth faith, hope, charity, these three; *but the greatest of these is charity.*" We revere the charity which formed the groundwork of Abraham Lincoln's nature.

Still, it was not charity which prompted Mr. Lincoln to adopt lenient measures toward the conquered rebels. His view was that a time must come when we shall live at peace with our enemies, that the sooner we reach that era of peace the better, and that we can reach it sooner by adopting peaceable measures than by adopting vindictive ones. The great problem with him was, How shall we assuage this tempest? His answer was, By throwing away the implements of war. That a majority of his countrymen demanded exemplary punishment for treason is quite certain. Whether he was right or they, the next generation can determine better than ourselves.

It remains for the city of Chicago, which Abraham Lincoln loved, which counts multitudes of his most cherished friends, the chief city of his own State, which contributed so much to his election, and where he received the nomination for his great office, to take up the mournful process on which conveys his dust to its last resting place. Of many men, we might speak of these funeral ceremonies as the last public tribute of respect which the people would have the opportunity to pay. Not so of Abraham Lincoln. With his interment the honors to his memory will have only begun. He has so linked himself with the future constitution of our government, social condition of our people, and history of our nation, that henceforth to think of our land is to remember Lincoln. A few weeks hence he had hoped and promised to come among us at the opening of the Sanitary Fair. We had hoped to grasp his hand, to welcome the Commander-in-Chief of all our victories, the Emancipator of America, the foremost man of our age and the most powerful ruler of this century, to hear his plain but prophetic, soul-inspiring words, to share his genial kindness and his irresistable good nature. But all this is sadly changed. Where we had hoped to rejoice, we weep with a sudden, stunning and bitter anguish, such as no nation ever before felt. The features we had hoped to welcome wreathed in their expressive smiles, so full of candor, kindness, firmness and honesty—now come to us silent in death. This fearful rebellion, which had already entered almost every household with an individual grief, now fills the cup of a nation's bitterness with one great woe that spares no loyal heart. Many before had lost a father, brother or son. Now we have all lost our noblest son, our bravest brother, our kindest father. Our cup is drained. The sacrifice is ended. The battle is over and the field won. The crime of slavery has been expiated. Liberty is redeemed. The memory of the last great martyr is embalmed forever in the hearts of the American people. Looking upon his remains to-day, let us consecrate ourselves anew to the great cause of freedom and union, for which he yielded up his life.

GENERAL GILLMORE ON THE DEATH OF THE PRESIDENT.—The following are the orders issued by Major General Gillmore on the death of President Lincoln:

Headquarters Department of the South—Hilton Head, S. C., April 21, 1865—General Orders, No. 48.—The Commanding General announces with emotions of profound sorrow that a great and overpowering grief has fallen upon the nation.

Our venerated and beloved President, Abraham Lincoln, has been taken from us by violence.

In the very midst of our national rejoicings over the recent triumphs of the national arms, and on the anniversary of that dark day upon which our noble flag received its first insult from treason, and which had been specially set apart by Executive order as a day for its triumphant restoration to the place of its former humiliation, and while the heart of the nation, buoyant with the renewed hopes of an early and lasting peace, was overflowing with emotions of fraternal forgiveness toward its worst enemies, the hand of the stealthy assassin was invoked to perform the dreadful deed.

Language can but feebly portray the enormity of this crime, or the infamous guilt of those at whose instigation it was committed.

The murderer and his abettors will alike be consigned to the execration of mankind for all time.

Befitting ceremonies will, doubtless, be ordered by the War Department as a tribute of respect for the memory of our lamented Chief.

Meanwhile, in the discharge of our present duties to our country and to our fellow men, let us emulate his transcendent worth as a man, his zeal and fidelity as a patriot, and his consistency of conduct and conscientious discharge of duty as a public officer.

By command of Major Gen. Q. A. Gillmore.

W. L. M. BURTON,
Assistant Adjutant General.

Official: G. W. James, Lieutenant 54th Massachusetts Vols. and A. D. C.

Historical Society of Pennsylvania and the Death of President Lincoln.

At a special meeting of the Historical Society of Pennsylvania, on the evening of April 27th, 1865, called to take action on our national bereavement, the following preamble and resolutions were offered and read by Charles Dexter Cleveland, LL. D. They were adopted unanimously.

Whereas, we recognize in the recent calamity that has fallen upon our republic, in the violent death of our President, an event that not only calls forth a personal grief from every loyal heart, but that above individual sorrow and forms a crisis in our national life—an epoch in our national history. Therefore,

Resolved, That it is peculiarly the duty of the Historical Society of Pennsylvania to inquire into the historic meaning of the sad occurrence that has suddenly overwhelmed us; to read in it, as well as may be through tears, the lessons of the past, of which it is the culmination, and the monitions for the future to which it sternly and undoubtedly points.

Resolved, That in the assassination of our beloved Chief Magistrate, our sorrow for the bereavement is as intense as our horror at the crime. A life has been lost which, by a blending of mental and moral qualities in a union of rare completeness, had a hold upon the heart of every loyal citizen, and made the tie that bound him to his Government no less a personal than a civic attachment; and gratefully, therefore, do we bear our earnest testimony to the consummate ability, the enduring faithfulness, the political sagacity, the far-seeing wisdom, the lofty patriotism, the enlarged humanity, the proverbial honesty, and the ever flowing goodness which marked the character, through his whole term of office, of our late honored and loved President.

Resolved. That while with deep grief we mourn the loss of him who, on the 22d of February, 1861, when he raised the national flag over the State House in which our Constitution was framed, declared, with what now seems prophetic significance, that he would rather be assassinated upon the spot than fail to maintain the great principles of constitutional liberty, and who, in the four years of his able and momentous administration, so nobly and firmly acted up to that declaration, showing at all times a heart beating in full sympathy with the objects of our Constitution, as declared in its preamble, "to form a more perfect Union and to secure the blessings of liberty," and crowding into that brief period events and principles of deeper historic interest, and of wider and farther reaching influence, than were ever before in so short a time recorded in history—it is peculiarly fitting in the Pennsylvania Historical Society to declare it to be their deepest conviction that, under God, it was the wonderfully attempered energy and prudence, justice and mercy, caution and decision, breadth of view and strength of purpose of Abraham Lincoln that led us triumphantly through the perils of this atrocious rebellion.

Resolved, That by his wise, persistent and finally successful efforts in crushing the rebellion, and thus breaking down forever the vilest and most tyrannical oligarchy the sun ever shone upon, by proclamation of the 1st of January, 1863, giving immediate liberty to millions long held in bondage, and by his large-hearted humanity, everywhere conspicuous, Abraham Lincoln has earned for himself the richest of all blessings, "the blessings of those who were ready to perish," and has thus engraved his name upon the page of history, for all time to come, as the friend of man.

Resolved, That when we view the parricide's crime, which has thus whelmed our nation in mourning, as the result of a cause—the natural outgrowth of some principle of action—history and its philosophy utter no doubtful teachings: they say, as distinctly as voices from the past can say, that the murderous hand which took the life of the head of our republic is but the symbol of that stealthy, deadly blow which must always, sooner or later, be dealt to any republic when it either cares not or dares not to cast out from its midst elements that give the lie to the simplest and most fundamental conditions of political liberty; and that our land, as a whole, must either be a unity of homogeneous principles in its parts, or else be dashed into a shiplessness wreck by the clashing currents within it.

Resolved, That, in the long catalogue of crimes committed by the slave power against liberty and humanity, for the last fifty years—crimes too numerous to recount, and many of them too foul to particularize—consummated in the rebellion, and all the atrocious deeds committed in it, and culminating in this murderous assault upon our Secretary of State and the Assistant Secretary, and in that crowning crime of horror, stealthily taking the life of our Chief Magistrate, this same slave power has shown itself to the world in its true character, in acts of malignity and wickedness unparalleled on the page of history, and has shown to us the utter incompatibility of its existence with our own national life.

Resolved, That, as by the avowed declarations of the slaveholders themselves, who quoted the words of the Saviour: "the stone which the builders rejected, the same is become the head of the corner;" and with bold but characteristic blasphomy applied these sacred, heaven-descended words to the foulest of crimes, intending to make it the "corner stone" of a new government, slavery was the cause and origin of the rebellion, and to extend it indefinitely the purpose, by their own avowal, of those who aimed to destroy our national life, so now it conclusively follows, and should everywhere be held, that there can be no true patriotism without hostility to that "sum of all villainies," and a fixed determination that it shall never be the cause of another rebellion, and no longer, in any way or shape, curse our land.

Resolved, That while we tender to the wife and children of the illustrious deceased our sincerest sympathies in this their irreparable loss, and fervently pray that they may be sustained under it by Him who alike "gives and takes away," we at the same time rejoice that he has bequeathed to them so rich and precious a legacy of public and private virtues, which they will ever fondly cherish, and which will grow brighter and brighter as time rolls on.

Resolved, That to our honored Secretary of State, the Hon. William H. Seward, who has conducted our foreign relations with such signal ability and wisdom in a period of unprecedented difficulty; and to his able and courteous Assistant Secretary, Hon. Frederick W. Seward, both prostrated by the dagger and bludgeon of the assassin, we extend our deepest sympathies, fervently praying that a kind Providence may so restore them to health and strength that that they may be able again to labor for their country in years to come with the same ability as they have in years past.

Resolved, That to our new President, Andrew Johnson, thus suddenly called to his high station, we pledge our earnest and cordial support, with fervent prayers that he may be guided in all his varied and responsible duties by Infinite Wisdom; rejoicing that in the patriotism and firmness of his past life, as well as in his recent public declarations, that "treason is the highest of all crimes," we have the fullest assurance that, while he will show mercy to their misguided and deluded followers, he will visit the guilty authors and leaders of the rebellion, however numerous they may be, with the punishment they so richly deserve, so that peace, tranquillity and unity may be restored to every part of our land, and that this a warning be left to traitors for all coming time.

At a meeting of the Executive Committee of the Society, held April 24, 1865, the following resolution was unanimously adopted:

Resolved, That the Librarian respectfully request of the clergy of this city copies of their sermons or addresses, printed or in manuscript, given in their churches on the 19th of April, and also of such special allusions to the national bereavement as were made by them on the Sundays preceding and following. And that a request be made to all associations and other public bodies for copies of their addresses and resolutions on this sad event.

In compliance with the above, the Librarian requests, for preservation in the archives of the society, such copies as members may have of the papers and documents to which the resolution refers.

Packages may be left at the hall, which is open each day from 9 A. M. to 2 P. M., or with Mr. John A. McAllister, No. 728 Chestnut street; or, if it is more convenient, may be sent by mail to box 1178, Philadelphia Post Office. A prompt acknowledgment will be made of whatever is received.

Eloquent Tribute to President Lincoln.

In accordance with the proclamation of the President, designating Thursday, June 1st, as a day of humiliation and mourning, services were held in nearly all the churches of Providence, Rhode Island. The Rev. H. T. Brady (formerly of Philadelphia), pastor of the Roman Catholic Church of St. Patrick, delivered a sermon on the occasion, at once patriotic and eloquent, of which we find a sketch in the Providence *Daily Post*. We give a few extracts:

To-day we are requested to humble ourselves, because the hand of God has been laid heavy up on us; we have provoked His wrath by our sins; it is our duty to repent, and sue for pardon; we have sinned a hundred times and more into rebellion against His sacred laws, till at length we have filled up the measure of our crimes and abominations, and brought upon ourselves that terrible curse of Almighty vengeance—war—horrid, cruel, unrelenting fratricidal war. On its ensanguined battle-field is, father against son, brother against brother, relation against friend, fighting, fell, mangled, bleeding victims. Nor was this all, ere the first trumpet note of peace had sounded on the glad ears of half the American people, the whole nation was astounded and paralyzed by the news of the assassination of its Chief Ruler—one of the best of men—one who, by his stability, calmness of manner, good sense, and integrity, had almost lived down all the prejudices of his determined, but honest opponents, and triumphed over his bitterest enemies by his charity, condescension, and natural goodness of heart. But, my friends, no one man is necessary to the existence of Church or State, and hence Abraham Lincoln, in the midst of his friends, in the meridian of his glory—political, Presidential and national—bearing upon his manly brow the immortal wreath of military triumph, was struck down, under the All seeing eye of Providence, by the hand of the dastard assassin, and summoned, without a moment's warning, into the presence of the great Arbiter of life and death.

Yes, Abraham Lincoln is gone, but his name still lingers behind. He will be regarded henceforth as the redeemer of millions of human beings, whose bodies are black, but whose souls are as etherial and spiritual as any white man's. The nation will honor him as her first martyr. Two hearts of generations yet unborn will throb with pride and pleasure, with admiration and triumph, when they read of the mighty deeds done by this great man; they will worship at his tomb in the West, while they turn to the East, and lift their beteared eyes and grateful souls high up to the Eternal, and invoke benisons on the hallowed memory of him whom they will insist on styling the hero, the patriot, the statesman of the present American age, and, beyond all doubt, the benefactor, and regenerator of the colored race.

Such a one might be justly regarded, in the light of human wisdom, as necessary to the well-being and stability of the American Republic at its present critical juncture. But to the eye of an All-seeing Providence, the case looked otherwise. The convulsive throes of our delivery from mortal strife and combat have scarcely ceased when the sure physician and healer of all our bruises was cut off, and we were left, as some thought, without one skilful enough to staunch the wound a coward hand had inflicted upon the head and heart of the nation. But, however, much we may, and must regret the premature fall of Abraham Lincoln, we are full of hope and confidence in the aptitude and ability of his successor. May God strengthen his arm, and give him power to wield the peerless sceptre of this great nation with might, and dignity, and justice.

* * * * * * *

Setting aside all petty jealousies and local prejudices which often and foolishly arise out of a mere difference of opinion on religious or political subjects, I trust this is the spirit in which all the citizens of this great and glorious country assemble to-day in their respective places of worship, to humble themselves and to mourn on account of the many and grievous sins which brought such heavy calamities upon them. Let them reflect, and us too, my friends, that while the sad fate of war has covered every family in the land with mourning (I, too, have lost the only brother I ever had; he has not been heard of since the battle of the Wilderness), desolation has passed over *no* homes of all, whether native or foreign, Protestant or Catholic, Jew or Gentile. Let all, therefore, unite in common brotherhood and love, in presence of the Supreme Ruler of nations, at the sacred shrine of our reintegrated country, and humbly implore that *wisdom which reacheth from end to end mightily, and ordereth all things sweetly*, to guide us in our present difficulties, to enlighten us in the dim future, and save us and our posterity from such another ordeal as we have already gone through. We are all the children of one mighty republic—the freest and fairest the world ever saw; let all, therefore, unite in preserving our liberties, and perpetuating them pure and unalloyed to generations yet unborn. Let no evil genius, as in the days of our Republican infancy, try to embitter the happiness for which we have all fought and bled; but let unity, harmony and brotherly love cement us together in the bonds of universal peace; and thus we may bid defiance to the united powers and machinations of hostile nations, and stand out in bold relief before all Europe and mankind, a model for all governments to turn to and imitate. This is the loalty which we owe our country; let us "stand by it" now and forevermore.

News of the President's Death in our Village.

A heavy, hurried tread on the stair, and a friend entered. Never can we forget her look of horror. "Dreadful news!" she ejaculated. About our own it could not be. If of hers, why here? We stood still gazing, nor dared ask.

"President Lincoln is dead—assassinated last night at Washington!" Dead! A strange dull, leaden sound. Dead! A vague, bewildered, stunning feeling. Dead! Not dead. The pure morning air still freighted with the echoes of victory; peace yearning and throbbing in every heart; and Lincoln dead! No; it is a hoax, a canard. Somebody has been dreaming of Persian perfidies, of Italian treachery and stilettoes; too much history has made him mad.

Assassination at the capital! Assassination of our great-hearted leader and his prime-minister, in *this* country and age! Never, never!

We went out into the streets to learn what it meant. The rumor had just got wind in every direction. The lawyer left his brief, the minister his sermon, the doctor his patients, the drayman his cart, the clerk his counter, with, "What does it mean?" agitating, confounding, shocking every countenance. Men were crouching together by threes and by fours, with brimming eyes, aghast and speechless.

The morning papers came in. *It was so.* The bells tolled; flags at half-mast. We began faintly to comprehend it. President Lincoln was dead! with millions ready to defend him, yet dead. Looking into the promised land of peace, and dead! Just entering his new career of statesmanship, and dead! Abraham Lincoln, the emancipator, the wise, the true, the trusting, the sagacious, the good.

Never did death seem so stern, so pitiless, so crushing. What sorrow filled our little town. Everybody felt that a heavy, personal bereavement had suddenly fallen upon him. Strong men wept.

"The first time I looked into his kind, honest face, I *loved* him," exclaimed a gentleman. "I have had three interviews with him since, and each time I loved him more. He has a big heart."

"I thought I knew what sorrow was when I lost my mother," said an adopted citizen; "I thought I knew what sorrow was when I lost my child; I thought I knew what sorrow was when I lost my wife; but *this*," he said, with the tears streaming down his cheeks, "this is the heaviest of all."

How sober were our streets all that day. There was no joking at the corners; men spoke in low tones, or were silent; the boys forsook their plays; all pleasure made a solemn pause. Friends clasped each others' hands in tearful sympathy. At home little was said; one feeling absorbed the heart, and every thing else was stale, intrusive, and jarring.

Speech of Gov. Aiken of South Carolina on Mr. Lincoln's Murder.

At a recent meeting in Charleston Governor Aiken, who presided, made the following remarks:

FELLOW CITIZENS:—We are assembled to pour out the general grief which has been felt in this city, for the sudden removal from this life of Abraham Lincoln, late President of the United States. The horrible and atrocious assassination of President Lincoln has filled every feeling heart with sorrow and indignation. I did not know, personally, the late President, but those who did have spoken of him in the kindest manner to me: his heart was benevolent and forgiving, and we are told, and have reason to believe, that through him our difficulties would soon have been adjusted and peace once more restored to our distracted country. Our expressions of disgust for the dastardly wretch who could have conceived and executed such a diabolical deed can scarcely be uttered. Murder is always appalling, but more particularly so in this momentous crisis of our country—now our most anxious moment.

Can it be believed that in the nineteenth century a human being could be found to have in his bosom so diabolical an idea, and with an accomplice, enter the sick bed-room of another eminent and distinguished personage, the Secretary of State, and plunge into his bosom the weapon? The heart sickens at the recital of such horrors.

We sympathize with the late President's family and that of Mr. Seward. May the Almighty stretch over them the hand of mercy, and enable them to bear the sad bereavement with pious humility.

At this critical juncture of our national affairs, our thoughts are naturally turned to the Vice President, now President of the United States, Andrew Johnson. When the people of Charleston district did me the honor of making me their representative in Congress, I met there Mr. Johnson, of Tennessee. I now take pleasure in stating that I soon became acquainted with him, and found him a most intelligent man. He soon impressed me in the House by his oratory and his arguments in debate, as one of the most talented men there; and it is no little praise to say so, when such a man as Stephens, of Georgia, sat on the same floor, and other prominent persons from the different States of the Union.

I have the most entire confidence in his ability to administer the Government true and faithfully, have the Constitution of our country as his true guide.

May a gracious Providence in His mercy direct his ways toward peace, and let us again, under the fold of the American flag, once more and for ever, be one and indivisible.

THE GREAT TRAGEDY.

HENRY WARD BEECHER ON THE ASSASSINATION.

Touching Tribute to the Martyr President.

THE LIFE OF THE LAMENTED DEAD.

Full Report of the Eloquent Sermon.

On Friday morning last, Rev. Henry Ward Beecher and party returned from their incompleted Southern trip, and met with his parish that evening at prayers. In consequence of the announcement in Saturday's *Times* that Mr. Beecher would deliver an address on Sabbath morning, appropriate to the season of national bereavement, a vast multitude gathered about the doors at Plymouth Church, thronging Orange and Cranberry streets, so that passing was impossible. The church doors open at ten o'clock usually, but at that time the efficient chorister of the society, Mr. Weld, and his many assistants, had more work on their hands than they could easily attend to. The people would come, and although strenuous efforts were made to keep up to a reasonable hour the pews for their owners, the crowd had their own way and filled the church to overflowing.

Thousands were turned away, and hundreds hung about the outer door in the vain hope of hearing. The church was very neatly and affectingly draped in black and white, and upon the pastor's desk was placed a basket of beautiful flowers. At half-past ten Mr. Beecher went to his platform, the whole of which was occupied by men and women, while small boys fringed the front.

After the reading of the 93th Psalm, and conducting the ordinary services of invocation and praise, Mr. Beecher delivered the following

Sermon.

Taking for his text the first five verses of the last chapter of Deuteronomy:—

1. And Moses went up from the plains of Moab, unto the Mountain of Nebo, to the top of Pisgah, that is over against Jericho; and the Lord showed him the land of Gilead, unto Dan.

2. And all Naphtali, and the land of Ephraim and Manasseh, and all the land of Judah, unto the utmost sea.

3. And the South, and the plain of the valley of Jericho, the city of palm trees, unto Zoar.

4. And the Lord said unto him, This is the land which I sware unto Abraham, unto Isaac, and unto Jacob, saying I will give it unto thy seed: I have caused thee to see it with thine eyes, but thou shalt not go over thither.

5. So Moses, the servant of the Lord, died there in the land of Moab, according to the word of the Lord.

There is no historic figure more noble than that of the Jewish lawgiver. After many thousand years, the figure of Moses is not diminished, but stands up against the background of early days, distinct and individual as if he lived but yesterday. There is scarcely another event in history more touching than his death. He had borne the great burdens of state for forty years, shaped the Jews to a nation, filled out their civil and religious polity, administered their laws, and guided their steps, or dwelt with them in all their sojourning in the wilderness, had mourned in their punishment, kept step with their marches and led them in wars, until the end of their labors drew nigh, the last stages were reached, and Jordan only lay between them and the promised land.

The Promised Land! Oh, what yearnings had heaved his breast for that Divinely promised place! He had dreamed of it by night, and mused by day; it was holy, and endeared as God's favored spot; it was to be the cradle of an illustrious history. All his long, laborious and now weary life, he had aimed at this as the consummation of every desire, the reward of every toil and pain. Then came the word of the Lord to him, "Thou must not go over. Get thee up into the mountain, look upon it, and die." From that silent summit the hoary leader gazed to the North, to the South, to the West, with hungry eyes. The dim outlines rose up, the hazy recesses spoke of quiet valleys. With eager longing, with sad resignation, he looked upon the promised land, that was now the forbidden land. It was a moment's anguish. He forgot all his personal wants and drank in the vision of his people's home. His work was done. There lay

THE NOBLEST SOUL OF ALL.

Among the many tributes to the memory of the martyred chief whose loss, keenly felt and sincerely mourned a year ago, is shown, as time rolls on, to be even more appalling and irreparable than the most sorrowful supposed, the following brief poem will ever hold a front rank. It was written by EDWARD ROWLAND SILL, a young banker of San Francisco, and first read at a meeting of the Associated Alumni of the Pacific Coast, held at Oakland, California, June 6, 1865. It has already gained for its author world-wide fame by republication in prominent European literary journals, and the close ties by which the loyal States of the Republic are cemented is typified by the emanation of this admirable expression of the common grief from the one most distant from the capital:

Were there no crowns on earth,
No evergreen to wreathe a hero's wreath,
That he must pass beyond the gates of death,
Our hero, our slain hero, to be crowned?
Could there on our unworthy earth be found
Naught to pelt his worth?

He the noblest soul of all!
When was there ever, since our Washington,
A man so pure, so wise, so patient, one
Who walked with this high goal alone in sight,
To speak, to do, to suffer—then only light,
Though very heaven should fall?

Ah! not for him we weep:
What honor more could be in store for him?
Who would have had him longer in our dim
And troublesome world, when his great work was done?
Who would not have that worn and weary one
Gladly to go to sleep?

For us the stroke was just:
We were not worthy of that patient heart;
We might have helped him more, not stood apart
And coldly criticised his works and ways.
Too late now, all too late, our little praise
Sounds hollow o'er his dust.

Be merciful, our God!
Forgive the meanness of our human hearts,
That never till a noble soul departs,
See half the worth, or hear the angels' wings,
Till they go rustling heavenward, as he springs
Up from the wounded sod.

Yet, what a deathless crown
Of Northern pine and Southern orange-flower,
For victory, and the land's new bridal hour,
Would we have wreathed for that beloved brow!
Sadly upon his sleeping forehead now
We lay our cypress down.

O martyred one, farewell!
Thou hast not left thy people quite alone;
Out of thy beautiful life there comes a tone
Of power, of love, of trust, of prophecy,
Whose fair fulfilment all the earth shall see,
And all the future tell.

COMMENTS OF THE PRESS ON THE SAD EVENT.

[From the Press of this Morning.]

The Martyrdom of Abraham Lincoln.

The hour of Victory is also the hour of National sorrow, and the National Sorrow is so intensely, so deeply, so great Wrath that we are unable to say which feelings predominate as we take the pen in our jaded hands to call our fellow-citizens the heavy blow which has fallen on the Nation.

Last night, while attending a performance at Ford's Theatre, in Washington, the President of the United States, ABRAHAM LINCOLN, was shot by a dastardly assassin.

The ball of the pistol entered the back part of the head, penetrating almost through the brain. It was fired, and when the friends of Mr. Lincoln brought assistance to him, it was found that a portion of the lower part of the brain was already oozing through the wound.

It is therefore almost impossible that Abraham Lincoln can survive the cowardly and murderous shot by which he was wounded.

His death, we write, is hourly expected.

The murderer, on having consummated his atrocious deed, leaped from the front of the box upon the stage, exclaiming, "*Sic semper tyrannis*," and waving a knife in his hand. Rushing across the stage, he emerged upon the street, and mounting a fleet horse which was waiting for him, immediately disappeared.

The President was then borne to a private house opposite the theatre.

At midnight the whole of the Cabinet, with the exception of Secretary Seward, were gathered around his bed. But he was then in a state of comatose *stupor*, and breathed very slowly. The blood flowed from the back of his head. He was necessarily totally unconscious.

What can we say?

That all Christendom must suffer a deep and excruciating anguish under this fearful blow, we know; but what is the anguish to be the anguish of those who feel that the National Heart must feel for him who fell a Martyr for Freedom?

We say this unhesitatingly. Abraham Lincoln is, at the present moment dying the death of a martyr for that country, for which he was elected, and for the Fourth of last March, pledged his faithfully. Unswerving in the path which his country had laid down, he was right one—singularly honest and faithful to the fortunes and wishes of that country which he twice, a second time become the sworn and highest servant—he has perished a true Martyr to that country.

In these circumstances what must be the deep and terrible outpouring and rage which the entire nation will feel when they receive the tidings? We are at this moment inadequate to express it.

As we write, our mouth is parched and our hands tremble.

We' scarcely know what words we place upon the paper before us.

Other times have died under the red-handed assassination provoked by private ambition or personal hatred. They have been lamented by the dagger of the patriot, whose brethren they had pierced in the dust. Profligate Princes have perished under the steel of those whom their corruption had stung to the very core.

But here disease is different.

A good Man—a pure Ruler—one who had been called again to fill the Presidential chair of that People who were so thoroughly satisfied with the honest, the honest attempt to walk evenly in the path to which they had once before summoned him, has been slain, as it were, at the very threshold of his dwelling.

After almost certainly crushing out the Sin of Slavery in the West (which he was the chosen and kindliness of heart been thrust upon him, he perished as Moses did, within sight of the promised land he had led through the wilderness, but which he was not permitted to enter.

Abraham Lincoln has probably—can we not say he has certainly—been assassinated by a Southern hand. Abraham Lincoln has been assassinated because he did his duty unhesitatingly to the Nation, and had embodied their Government twice in his person. It could not have been for this alone that he was slain, for had that was blind against his life. Abraham Lincoln, and those associated with him in the Government, had dealt *perhaps far too leniently with the traitors who have risen their hands, and they have, more bloody and terrible-ing—had they crushed out those who have risen their path*—WE MIGHT POSSIBLY HAVE BEEN SPARED THE AFFLICTION WHICH THIS MURDER MUST SPREAD THROUGHOUT THE WHOLE NATION.

The Death of Martyrdom WHICH HAS FALLEN THIS MORNING from the midst of our Nation, this man, whose integrated faith in Christ and justice to his country, was the most fearful hour of struggle, occurred on the anniversary of a day, rendered memorable by the crucifixion of our Saviour. Let us say it in all reverence, while we humbly own the almost limitless boundary which lies between the Man who slew that Abraham Lincoln received the wound which protrated him. A Martyr to the Cause of these States, upon Good Friday.

[From the Public Ledger.]

A Crime Without a Name.

A crime was perpetrated in Washington last night that will stagger not only the people of the United States but the whole civilized world. The President of the United States, sitting with his wife in a box in one of the Washington theatres, was shot by an assassin, who, by one only exclamation of triumph, made the attempt, must be one of the Virginians whom the President has been most forbearing and generous to protect from the just retribution due to them for their agency in their wicked rebellion, during a pause in one of the scenes the assassin shot the President in the head, making a mortal wound, then flourishing a dagger he exclaimed "Sic semper tyrannis," (the motto of the state of Virginia,) rushed out of the back of the theatre, mounted a horse in waiting and escaped. The crime appears not to have been the only one of the night, for a further despatch announces that an attempt was also made to assassinate the Secretary of State. At the hour when this is written, there are few particulars of the latter of these bloody and brutal deeds. At first blush, this murderous business would appear to be the work of a madman, but the particulars of the fearful outrage perpetrated on the President, and the simultaneous attack on Mr. Seward, show it to have been a carefully planned conspiracy, to which a number of disappointed confederates must have been concerned.

This will be startling and terrifying news to the country, now in the midst of a rejoicing over the near prospect of peace, and ranging itself under the lead of Mr. Lincoln upon the side of mercy, forbearance and pardon towards those whose murderous purposes have at last shown his death blow. Vengeful shafts of the imposition of Providence working upon the hearts of the people will be also felt with the inexorable impulse of the nation to punish this crime without a name, by some fearful act of retribution that it sickens the heart to contemplate.

It is impossible to give a rational motive to the villains concerned in the murderous plot, for there is in the United States, the traitors and rebels who have been in arms for four years in the effort to destroy the Republic, ever most to the kindness of heart, the conscientious exertions of the President, and his anxiety to restore the fraternal relations of the people of the two sections of the country. Nothing but a thunderclap from the day of his first inauguration to his dying hour, can be equal to the fury which they brought on by their unhallowed plots, for which they brought on themselves, protecting them at all times from those men in the cabinet who were anxious to do, and felt that they should be dealt with according to these severe dictates of justice and retribution. Always since June 1861, had almost any other's publication than Abraham Lincoln been in power, the Rebellion would have ended with the appeals that were made to him for retributive justice. Those who have been cruelly and wickedly drenched the land in blood, many a fearful day, and yet as merciful as his great crime had never been modified, would have wrung from the gallows, the man who no office if not made for such as they. Even at the hour when his death blow was struck, he was pleading for a minister of mercy appealing to the country to sustain him in the criminal pardons he had granted, which he desired to sink their crimes. And yet the fiends in the form of men who had been his guarding from punishment struck him down? What shall we say of such a crime? We dare not grasp for devils such as these?

We do not believe at this hour, with strange upon the terrible calamity to the nation, involved in Mr. Lincoln's death, in the crisis through which the country is now passing. We lose so sincere a patriot and so upright a magistrate as Mr. Lincoln, to be slain by those who have been his bitterest foes will now admit. Life, for years, has been a burden to him, has stood by them in their direst need." He has borne his cross, bear in mind, "*Sic semper tyrannis*," may Heaven send us one we satisfy and as conscientiously as he made it the object of his life to do.

[From the North American.]

Murder of the President.

More than any other man, civil or military, President Lincoln had become the representative man of the era, and had identified himself with the Nation, one and indivisible. In the darkest hours of our adversity he never lost heart or hope, and never dreamed of yielding one inch from the straight line he had laid upon. Amid gloom and thickening troubles, amid repeated disasters, and the slow, wearisome progress of the work in the field, he kept steadily on, unwavering, always ready to listen to fair proposals, but firm in the right men. The loss of such a man from his elevated position would be a severe one at any time; but in this crisis it is a national calamity.

Now, which his clear head, moderate disposition, and generous kindness of heart, he was just about to bring the nation he has brought to the verge of peace; now, when he was about to walk quietly and respectfully in the footsteps of the world, to be removed from the theatre of action by the hand of a fiend, who we believe, will be found also made use to the cause of humanity and to the mighty destinies of the republic, his removal is a calamity the extent of which we cannot yet fully realize. Be sure, that treason of the most darling kind was at the bottom of this assassination, and never, in our recollectance, we cannot doubt, in view of the attempted assassination of Mr. Seward, and the wounds he has received. This is probably the effort to carry into effect some desperate relief plan to overthrow Government by a sudden surprise in the deep security of a prodigious victory. It can mean nothing else, and contemplated in this light, it is terrifying, we may estimate the perils Mr. Lincoln has incurred by his great kindness of heart, and his disinclination to the severity in 1861. We doubt not that those who frustrated the plot which led to the death of the assassination in 1861, really did not believe them; but the proof of their intent was so clear then as is the consummation of the present act. But Providence has so far prevented past gone about unguarded, exposed every where to assassination, that we think fearless outrage as any man in the army.

Should this intelligence be the beginning of a new term of office, as seems, alas! too certain, the soldiers, from the rank and file, will mourn in the spirit of what have fallen, and have taken his place among the illustrious dead of the Nation. Those who made him the meed of great statesmanship living will not be so in the spirit of the Nation's dead. Since the days of Washington the Presidential mansion has never received a better man, or one of whom the nation had more reason to feel proud. His successor, perhaps, has good reason to expect that the world will be prepared to do him full and exact justice. But Mr. Lincoln will say of his predecessor bequeathed a legacy of ruin seemingly irretrievable, and yet, by his great and patriotism, his sublime faith, courage, perseverance and steadiness of purpose, he reconstituted the Union and obliterated the rent.

Four years of such rule condense the events of generations within the coming years. The work Abraham Lincoln is heavy enough, but to add to this Secretary Seward, who lies wounded, and the attempt assassinations throughout this war has been so pre-eminently successful, treason flushed, the sanction of laudations and epitaphs are suddenly turned into lamentations and sorrow. The hand of the nation rest stricken down. The people mourn as never did before, and never may again.

There is a degree of strangeness of circumstances connected with this murder which are well calculated to confound the. The secret of the plot which led to the impunity enjoyed by the assassin in his escape, as though the plan had been deeply laid and skillfully carried into effect. Perhaps the most painful feature of the crime is that the murder took place in the presence of Mrs. Lincoln. The circumstances of the murder the deed was done, indicates that he is a Virginian, the Latin motto, the motto of the State. It seems unaccountable that the assassination should take place in Washington, after Mr. Lincoln's sojourn in Richmond, and shift more so that it occurs at the moment when Virginia has submitted to the authority of the Union, and her armies have all surrendered or been dispersed.

The end will, unfortunately have the tendency to create a wide-spread and unfortunate misrepresentation at once to any disposition to deal leniently with rebels and traitors. This manifestation of reckless and insane malignity will engender a prevalent belief that with such a spirit abroad the South meditated nothing but a crime and a blunder. The result, therefore, will be not less a terrible calamity to the South than to the nation.

The Hon. Andrew Johnson, of Tennessee, the Vice President, who becomes President in the death of Abraham Lincoln, is a man of whom no fear need be entertained in regard to his firm and unyielding devotion to the great cause. He stood true in the Senate when, all around him, every day in the near when treason seemed to be an epidemic among the representatives of the South, and throughout the whole of the war he has never for a moment hesitated to give his cordial support to the Government policy of the Administration. By those who have known him longest it is better he is regarded with attachment of the most remarkable description. We, therefore, entertain no fears for his whatever, and believe that he will be just as steadfast a man as we need in this emergency.

[From the Age.]

The Assassination of President Lincoln.

The country will be more than startled, it will be appalled, by the announcement that President Lincoln was last night mortally wounded. Such an event would have been deplorable at any time, but at this juncture it is, literally speaking, the greatest misfortune that could befall the country. He had shown repeatedly so much wisdom and intuition to act with magnanimity and moderation in adjusting our difficulties, that there was good reason to look for the speedy advent of a just and lasting peace and it is the possible frustration of this hope that will at once suggest itself to every patriot. We are assured that there is every reason to fear that the wound may prove fatal. May Heaven avert such a calamity!

The details of this grievous national calamity continue to reach us as the hour approaches when we must go to press. Under our telegraph head will be found all that has reached us up to this hour.

[From the Inquirer.]

A Nation's Calamity.

This horrible assassination will startle the nation as nothing has ever before startled it. It is the first instance in our history of one of our Rulers being murdered, and the news will create a feeling through out the land more intense and profound, and more indignant than it possible to describe. Let alone the diabolical spirit of the rebellion in its true light, and we doubt if there is a man who has had birth on free soil to be found in the North to-day who will not shudder with horror, and denounce in unmeasured terms the fiendishness of a cause which, in its starving of prisoners of war has shown it had no conscience, the assassination by a hireling of the President of the United States.

[From the Daily News.]

A Double Assassination.

The history of America furnishes no precedent for the horrible tragedy enacted in Washington last night. Rome, under its Emperors, was a nation filled with the terrors of rejoicing and massacres in contest for the supremacy, but in modern times the nations of the world furnish no parallel to the record of last night's deed. The consequences of the act will be fearful. The selection of the time and the place, a city drunken with the wine of glad news, a theatre thronged with the rejoicing multitude, the arrangements for the escape of the murderer, all proved the cool and mature plot of a fiend who so fearfully succeeded. The tragedy has stricken away the best ties that bound us to the South. The last integrity of a party of the rebels have been crushed from our hearts, and the nation now will never rest until atonement true and full, and retribution fearful and unexampleming, is visited upon the men who are the authors of this diabolical crime. If Lincoln had been in Washington, he would have doubtless been included in the assassin's work, and the armies would have lost his leader, as the nation, we fear, has lost its President.

For the stricken nation and the mourning family at Washington we have the deepest sympathy. Our sorrow is common. We are all united in one grief. God help us in the dirouess of our existency and the bitterness of our affliction. Take down the flags of rejoicing and the dirges of victory. Still the merry songs of the jubilant bells. Hush every sound of gladness and mirth, for the nation bleeds and weeps in distress over its honored and revered dead.

SATURDAY, APRIL 15, 1865.

THE MARTYR PRESIDENT.

The vilest crime that history records —except one which the Christian world is now solemnly commemorating—was committed last night at Washington. ABRAHAM LINCOLN —the twice-chosen President of the United States—was shot at Ford's Theatre, about ten o'clock, and after lingering in a state of insensibility through the night, he expired at twenty-two minutes after seven o'clock this morning.

In a time of overwhelming sorrow, and before recovering from the awful shock of this calamitous event, it is not easy to put one's thoughts upon paper. The revulsion from the supreme happiness over victory and the assurance of peace, to the grief for the death of the man who was a chief agent in giving us both victory and peace, is enough to unsettle all minds. The fiendish nature of the crime almost prevents one from appreciating the magnitude of the calamity it brings upon the nation. The tumult of indignation, sorrow, alarm and apprehension must disqualify all for considering calmly the possible consequences of the event. But the God who preserved Abraham Lincoln until he saw his work done, and until he had received the thanks of a grateful people, will still protect this nation, and guide and direct those to whose hands the great trust is now delivered, and there need be no fear, though there be unspeakable sorrow.

For Abraham Lincoln, and for his immortal memory, probably no time could have been fitter than this for his departure from the world. Four years of trial had elapsed, through which he had gone triumphantly. The people trusted and loved no man like him. They had given him their strongest assurance of this by re-electing him to his office. He had seen the great work the people had assigned to him, of restoring the Union, virtually done. The armies of which he was the head were every where triumphant. The chief army opposing his authority had surrendered. He had visited the captured capital of the insurgent Southerners, and seen the flag of his country waving over it securely, never to be displaced by any hostile colors. He had returned and received from a grateful people such enthusiastic and sincere thanks as had been tendered by them to no man since Washington. For him there could be no higher human reward than those he had received.

But for the people of this country the assassination of the President is the most distressing calamity that could have befallen them. He had won their love and their confidence by his wisdom, his honesty and his unswerving fidelity and devotion to his duty. Even those who, in times of political excitement, have opposed him, are joining in the sorrow that pervades the nation, and are offering their tributes of respect and reverence to his memory. Since our infant nation mourned over the death of Washington, there has been no such widespread and genuine grief as that which is caused by the death of Abraham Lincoln.

The blood of the martyrs was the seed of the church. So the blood of the noble martyr to the cause of freedom will be the seed that will fructify to the great blessing of this nation. Fortunately for us, our national existence and prosperity do not depend on dynastic contingencies. The people are the source of all power with us, and they are strengthened and newly-nerved by the calamity that has befallen them. The miscreant who has taken the life of the President has not touched any vital point of the nation. The cause for which he died still lives and will live forever.

The man to whom the executive authority of the Government is assigned by the Constitution has long been a faithful servant of the cause of human freedom. Succeeding to a chair vacated under circumstances so awful and solemn, he must be profoundly impressed with a sense of the responsibilities that come upon him. He has before him the perfecting of the work which the late President so nobly and faithfully performed. He was deliberately chosen as the possible successor of Mr. Lincoln, and the people who chose him must and will sustain him, now that he has been providentially called to the succession. The duty of every good citizen is to endeavor to turn the calamity that has befallen us to good account. To this end, we must, while sorrowing for our loss, endeavor to be calm, forbearing, trustful and faithful to the country and to the cause for which Abraham Lincoln died.

An Interesting Letter.

We are kindly permitted to make the following extract from a letter, written by an officer in Sherman's army, under date of April 20th, to his parents in this city. He is one of those gallant Pennsylvanians who, under Geary, have marched with Sherman from Chattanooga to Raleigh, driving everything before them, and achieving a military march which stands without a parallel in the history of time. The letter is dated

RALEIGH, N. C., April 20.

* * * * * * *

I can scarcely realize the idea that after such long years of war we are at last to enjoy the blessings of peace. In the days past we have all spoken of "when the war is over," and hoped the time might soon come; yet to me, as I suppose to many, the idea has been a chimera, the hope one in which we indulged from mere force of habit rather than from any fixed conviction of the possibility of the termination of the war. And now at last peace seems near at hand, and the days seem fast approaching which shall witness our glorious old banner floating in undisturbed majesty, unquestioned right, over every inch of territory included within the United States. Thanks be to Almighty God who hath given us the victory! Thanks be to the Great Ruler that the lives and blood of our brethren have not been spent in vain; that the long years of toil and suffering, of hardship and anguish, have not been idly passed. Thank God that the harvest reaped is proportionate to the seed sown; that from treasures countless and blood shed like water, spring peace, Union and liberty. Oh, is it not a grand triumph; may we not feel proud we are Americans? Shall we not give thanks in word and in deed to Him to whose goodness we owe our victories? But in our hour of rejoicing let us not forget them to whom, under God, we are indebted for our victories. There is no danger that we will neglect Grant, or Sherman, or Sheridan, or Thomas. Scarce a doubt but that we will in some ways remember the rank and file, who, under the direction of these leaders, have achieved success. But there is a danger that in our joy for our victories we will forget those who have fallen; those who have lost health or limb. Spend money freely in firing of guns and illuminating of houses, but remember the thousands of widows and orphans, and helpless cripples made such by the war whose triumphant close we now celebrate. God grant that in our treatment of those who have felt the evils of this war, in other than losses of money, we may prove there is at least one republic that is not ungrateful.

I need scarcely have made these remarks to you. There is little danger that those who, like you, have given your dear ones to the cause, and have been allowed to have them returned to you in health and strength, will forget those who, like them, have given loved ones to the nation, but who, unlike them, are forced to lament their loss.

What a triumph has been ours! What a victory we have gained! Though we should celebrate it for years to come, we could not over-estimate its importance. Our army, our navy, our great leader, alas, now no more, can never be overpaid with thanks for the work accomplished. Oh that the same kind Providence that has vouchsafed us victory had been pleased to spare to the nation the life of him who has been so foully murdered. The intelligence of the death of Mr. Lincoln spread a feeling of profound sadness over this entire army. We all felt as though a calamity had befallen the nat on which could scarce be atoned for by the brilliant triumphs of our armies. I doubt whether there ever has been an American whose death has caused such profound sorrow as has the death of President Lincoln. Grief and indignation mingled to cause a solemnity I have scarcely deemed possible for soldiers to maintain. During the day on which we first received the intelligence of the murder of the President a gloom pervaded the army that scarce could have been exceeded had each individual member of it lost a near and dear friend. He has fallen in the very hour of the triumph he had done so much to gain; fallen ere he had time to enjoy the fruits of the victory his labors had so contributed to win, but fallen not before the American nation had learned to appreciate him. Although we appreciate his labors and his character now, coming years shall enhance our admiration of the man, and unless I greatly mistake, in the hereafter, in the pages of American history there shall be no brighter name than that of Abraham Lincoln. Side by side with the name of Washington, not below it, we shall hereafter name him as the second Father of our country.

I pray the Great Ruler, that to him who succeeds Mr. Lincoln may be given his earnestness, his patriotism, his integrity, his Christianity.

Hoping he may do better than we have anticipated, let us yield firm support to Andrew Johnson, President of the United States.

Whilst we regret the death of Mr. Lincoln, we have great cause for thanks that his life was spared long enough to conduct the nation safely through its darkest hours.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

From the Friends' Review.

Our summary of news last week gave an account of the horrible crime by which our country was deprived of its Chief Magistrate; a man beloved and honored more sincerely and universally, perhaps, than any other ruler of modern times. Every class mourns his untimely death; but none have greater reason than Friends to deeply feel their loss, and to hold him in loving and grateful remembrance.

While we unite with those who describe him as one who was seeking to maintain and perpetuate equal government for all—a modest man, accessible to all, ever gracious, humane and beneficent; a sincere lover of truth, open and frank, having nothing to conceal; candid himself, and loving candor in other men; emphatically an honest man, we may go further, and express our conviction that he had become a pious man. This is our greatest consolation in contemplating his sudden transition from the present life to that which is eternal.

It was publicly stated not long since that a visitor to the President asked him if he loved Jesus. He buried his face in his handkerchief and wept. He then said:—"When I left home to take this cha r of State, I was not a Christian; when my son died, the severest trial of my life, I was not a Christian. But when I went to Gettysburg, and looked upon the graves of those who had fallen in defence of their country, I then and there consecrated myself to Christ. *I do love Jesus.*"

A minister of this city relates that, having an appointment to meet the President at five o'clock in the morning, he went a quarter of an hour before the time. While waiting he heard a voice in the next room, as if in grave conversation, and asked the servant, "Who is talking in the next room?" "It is the President, sir; he is reading the Bible." "Is that his habit so early in the morning?" "Yes, sir; he spends every morning from four o'clock to five, reading the Scriptures and praying.

Several of our ministers visited President Lincoln, under religious concern, with feelings of great satisfaction. A visit of this character was described in a letter a few weeks since. After visiting schools, and holding meetings with a freed people, and attending to other religious service south of Washington, and in that city, our friend writes: "Now I felt that I must attend to manifested duty, and offer a visit in gospel love to our noble President; it was immediately granted, and a quarter past six that evening was fixed as the time. Under deep feeling I went; my Heavenly Father went before, and prepared the way. The President gave us a cordial welcome, and after pleasant, instructive conversation, during which he said, in reference to the freedmen, 'If I have been one of the instruments in liberating this long-suffering, down-trodden people, I thank God for it,' a precious covering spread over us. The good man rested his head upon his hand, and, under a precious gathering influence, I knelt in solemn prayer. He knelt close beside, and I felt that his heart went with every word as utterance was given. I afterwards addressed him, and when we rose to go, he shook my hand heartily, and thanked me for the visit."

IN MEMORIAM.

The Heavens Pailed With
Darkening Clouds,

And Weep With Freemen in
Sympathy,

While Gathering Around His Tomb
In Crowds,

To Honor a Beloved Martyr's
Memory.

May Lincoln's Tomb, Bedecked Afresh,
With a Nation's Choicest
Wreath of Bloom,

Bring Healing, With Each Laurel
Wreath, To Dispel a Nation's
Gloom.

Twenty years ago yesterday, a pistol shot, the sorrowful echoes of which reverberated around a world, made Abraham Lincoln an heir to immortality and fame. "The deep damnation of his taking off" enwreathed his name in undying laurels and summoned the purest genius of poetry, of history and eulogy, to pain his praise and to picture to generations unborn the virtues of our former fellow citizen. Inexhaustible as these great tributes to his memory have proven; clothed as the thoughts of him have been in the choicest phraseology; bright and glowingly cheerful and never more truthful, as have been the efforts of the eloquent and poetic to place the characteristics of this most remarkable man of his people, before those who knew him not personally, liberality, magnanimity and unselfishness has impregnated every utterance with a generosity unparalled.

His public life has become a household word; his life and the administration of the government by him from the time he was called from his peaceful abode in this city, until its sad close, with the masterstroke of a purely American mind, are the indispensable leaves in our national history, and should be the study of every student, to enable him to comprehend the genius of our institutions and the great achievement of our patriot fathers in establishing a government so nearly akin to God in purity, as to produce a son from the people to correct the errors of the fathers and make his name immortal within the first century of national life.

It is well for Springfield that the capital city of Illinois should give such a citizen to the nation, and that when his immortality was in doubt his ashes should be buried in his former home.

The tribute attempted to be paid to his ashes and memory yesterday, was not the result of selfish aims upon the part of our own people—his intimate neighbors while living—but sprung from the minds of strangers, who determined to make memorable the sad event of his death by tokens of their esteem in a collective relation as devotees of song and athletic sports. As such, they decided to inaugurate a new feature in exhibiting the devotion of the American people to this great martyr to freedom.

The Exercises.

The observance of Lincoln memorial day was marred by the rain, and the programme laid down for the line of march had to be abandoned. The people of Springfield, when darkness fell last night, prayed for fair weather, but the indications furnished by the signal station left little ground for hope, and when the citizens awoke yesterday morning and found a "down pour" in progress, which threatened to last during the day, the stoutest hearted gave up all hope. The storm extended in all directions over the central and northern portions of the state, and many of the special trains which had been ordered were abandoned. The Chicago Turners and singing societies, or rather delegations, with representatives of the different posts of the G. A. R., came down early in the morning. About 10 o'clock a special train came in from Bloomington, bringing a delegation from Orme camp, Sons of Veterans, with a few persons from intervening points on the road.

The St. Louis delegations, headed by the famous Arsenal band, came in at 10 o'clock. They comprised members of the following posts, G. A. R.: Hardin, No. 107; Frank Blair, No. 1; Gen. Lyon, No. 2; Ransom, No. 131, a few members of Reedy post, a detail from Haessendeifer post and singing societies. The visitors were met by members of the reception committee and, headed by the Knight Templars band, marched to the court-house, where all hands were dismissed. The rain all this time was coming down with a vigor wholly unknown in the history of wet weather. After consultation, it was decided to abandon the line of march so far as the monument was concerned, and march to the state-house, where a platform had been prepared in the tower rotunda for the speakers.

By far the greater number of the societies failed to turn out the dampness was too great. The Fourth division contained about 30 Sons of Veterans, composed delegations from Chicago, Bloomington, Homer and a detail from the home camp. Details were also formed from Stephenson and Mendell posts, and a small number from the various local societies—perhaps 200 in all. The arrangements were according to the programme published in yesterday morning's Monitor, and about 2 o'clock took up the line of march for the state-house. The route was down Second street to Capital avenue, and west on Capital avenue to the state-house. About 600 men were in line.

At the State-House.

The line entered the building from the main entrance on Second street, and the singers and speakers were massed on and about the platform. The published programme was carried through with some slight changes, as follows:

An excellent selection by the Knight Templars band, followed by the address of welcome by Gov. Oglesby. This was followed by singing, the "memorial hymn" by the grand chorus. Then came an address by Hon. J. C. Conkling, after which the "Lincoln hymn," written especially for the occasion, by E. A. Zuendt. Next came the German oration by Dr. H. M. Starkloff, of St. Louis.

Hon. John A. Logan was next called on and made the following address:

On the 12th day of February seventy-six years ago, in the night of a rainy January, in Hardin County, Kentucky, a son called "Abraham" was born unto Thomas and Nancy Lincoln. A few years later this son is found with his parents in Indiana, where he labored at farm work in assisting his father. There was no opportunity offered him for receiving an education. Under the guidance of his mother, however, he was taught to read and write. He was of studious habits, and carefully read all the books he could borrow from the neighbors.

"All that I am or hope to be," he said, "I owe to my angel mother." In his twenty-first year he is located in Illinois, doing manual labor. Though at times when he could do so, he was always found with book in hand, storing his mind with useful knowledge. He was a constant reader of the bible, as well as Shakespeare's works, and from these acquired a better understanding of human nature and that which influenced the human heart. Many of those who criticised him for his lack of book learning, never had capacity to understand the depth of his mind. Book learning was not to be found in other parts of Indiana, or Illinois, or anywhere else. Yet, until 1858, when he was a dozen years old, the Indiana Stephen A. Douglas was regarded throughout the country by great numbers of people as the equal of any man in the country, not only in point of great learning, but also in point of statesmanship, statesman and debater, as well as a man of thought, research, and great power of analysis.

In that great debate he displayed such wonderful abilities to set once give him a national reputation. The great mind recognized the unfolded to his humbler danger after danger that menaced our beloved country. He so held the mirror before the people that they could plainly see the trouble which must come in the future if the then policy should be pursued. He forcibly showed disaster and surge of the way to avoid it. He exhibited clearly to the people that if the destructions of the Union must cease, we ourselves must be the author and finisher. His arguments were convincing, his deductions and logic were irresistable.

In all his speeches his basis was *right* against *wrong*. He convinced all who [illegible] that he was a man of generous impulses and great kindness of heart. He seemed to feel the wrongs of all down trodden and oppressed humanity as his own. The impression left upon his hearers was that he had dedicated himself to a work in their behalf.

When elected President of the United States he entered upon the duties of that office "with malice towards none, with charity for all," and although inaccus unusuaness were of the most trying character that had ever surrounded any man in undertaking to administer the affairs of a nation, yet he grasped a firm hold on the helm of the ship of state and moved on calmly and coolly to the performance of the arduous duties assigned him.

He met each condition of things as presented to him; his great mind took in every situation as it was developed; he proved himself equal to any and all emergencies, and while our country was passing through the severest ordeal he kept abreast with the advancing sentiments of the people, neither going ahead or lagging behind, always taking advantage of the proper moment to do the right thing, as was exemplified by his proclamation of emancipation, giving freedom to an oppressed race. He met all questions at an opportune moment, and seemed ever full of hopes as well as confident of the ultimate success and complete restoration of the Union.

Twenty years ago to-day early in his second term as President, and just as his proud anticipations and fondest hopes were being realized he fell at the hands of an assassin a martyr to the cause of human freedom. As the tallest oak in the forest falls crashing the earth to tremble at the shock, so his fall caused the Nation to tremble; stalwart men sobbed aloud and strong women fainted in their hands and appealed to Heaven to know why the great work should be thus prematurely ended. The people were dazed and would not be convinced of the reality of a calamity so overwhelming, a deep gloom covered the whole land, and in grief and sorrow we gave him still.

In the life of the man there is a lesson that ought to be taught the present and the future generations, which would be of more value than the gold that glitters.

Genius from the lower walks of life, without any of the advantages now within the reach of all, by struggled through poverty along the rugged pathway of life, overcoming all obstacles that opposed until he attained the highest position among men. His great heart and mind were directed on the "to of doing good to his fellow man.

Entirely abs. sed by this thought in favor of struggling humanity, he had no time to devote to the accumulation of wealth. The benefits showered upon oppressed man by his great ability and kind heart, by his outreached those which could have been accomplished by the riches of a Croesus.

Wealth revels behind, while poverty follows in its footprints, but the wealth that leaves behind impresses upon mankind to that store of kindness which fills the human breast, and the great success of a great man, whose thoughts and good works live on through time. "So let it be with" Abraham Lincoln. He carved his own way up the steeps of ambition's rugged heights. He ascended to the topmost round of fame's ladder, and from thence stepped into the mansion on high prepared for the good and true.

If we could see him as his exalted spirit stands to-day, not in the blood-besprared uniform of his mortal bondage, but radiant with the light of liberty and the glory of God playing around him, with shattered fetters and broken chains at his feet, we would behold one of the noblest spirits that ever

passed through the pearly gates of the New Jerusalem into the presence of the great white throne of our Heavenly Father.

Then came the reading of letters from President Cleveland, Ex-President Arthur, Hon. Robert Lincoln and perhaps others.

Gen. W. T. Sherman was next called upon and spoke as follows:

Comrades and Friends: I am here to-day as one of a delegation from your neighboring state of Missouri, to participate with you in these exercises, which are somewhat of a sacred and patriotic character.

We come by our presence alone to manifest our love and respect for Abraham Lincoln and to lay a simple tribute, our simple chaplet upon his tomb, and what I got upon this stage I had not the least intention of saying one word, but I have been requested to do so by my friends of Missouri, and the reason I speak in their name. Nothing that I can say can add one particle of fame to Abraham Lincoln. He himself in life did his work nobly, and with his own hands pinned his name high upon the temple of fame, where it stands today in splendor, seen by all men, and becoming brighter and brighter each year as the mists of passion are dispelled by time. (Applause.)

Since the days of Demosthenes no man has spoken more eloquently than he spoke at the battle of Gettysburg. Since Washington spoke of his favorite states, no man has spoken more kindly of Abraham Lincoln, after first association within the last few days I have received from Washington a fac simile of the original letter written by Mr. Seward to Charles Francis Adams, our minister at London, which had been overruled by President Lincoln within a few months of his incumbency of administration—a word erased here and a paragraph crossed out, an insertion of a word where needed; everything finished and it was his superior in the knowledge of the English language, and that he was a great statesman, and a great man. Now, sir, when I lived with you here as a civil citizen, reared in your town of Springfield, you young men who have never seen him have heard your fathers speak of this beloved hero. There are some gray heads on this stand who knew him well.

You have in your charge a sacred trust. You are the custodians of his grave. All that remains of him are now in your keeping. We come here to worship at his shrine and will return to our homes carrying with us the influence that we receive here. He stands now at the pinnacle of fame. We can lend his counsels and live up to his directions and dedication, or even live to the principles which brought his death, for our work is not yet finished. Let us go from this place to our callings and interests and carry influences such as he did wherever he went. Let us try to act as he did, for the good of mankind and the everlasting glory of our country. Thank you. (Great applause.)

The speeches were earnest practical efforts and elicited round after round of applause. The burden of all was, of course, the life and services of the martyred president. Many of the old soldiers in the audience had served under his leadership, and he was applauded with a fervor which showed that the prevailing damp had not cooled the martial ardor of the veterans had not been dampened by the rain.

Gov. Oglesby then introduced Dr. Smith, the author of the national hymn, "My Country, 'tis of Thee," and the venerable gentleman recited several stanzas of the immortal hymn, after which it was sung by the chorus.

Among the notables who occupied positions upon the grand stand were the following: Gen. Sherman, Gen. McClernand, Gov. Oglesby, Gen. Reece, Gen. Palmer, Hon. John Mayo Palmer, Hon. J. C. Conkling, Hon. C. L. Conkling, Hon. Henry D. Dement, Gen. McConnell, Hon. John W. Noble, Hon. Richard Rowett, A. E. Tennd, H. M. Starkhoff, Emil Becker, Gen. Logan, representatives of the city and associated press.

The gavel which Gen. Reece used on the occasion was sent from the Pacific coast, and was made from a piece of the historic warship which played the part with the Alabama, that now famous Kersarge. It was sent as a present to the Lincoln Guard of Honor.

At the Monument.

The St. Louis executive committee, headed by a band, proceeded to the monument and there placed in Memorial hall the tablet and flowers brought for that purpose. The tablet is a magnificent piece of work, which has heretofore been described in these columns. The address on this occasion was delivered by the president of the North American Turnerbund, John Toensfeldt. This pious duty concluded, the party returned to the city.

Societies.

The following societies from abroad were represented at the state house and in the parade: St. Louis: Orpheus Saengerbund, Eichenkranz, Fierer Mannerchoir, Social Turner Singers; West St. Louis Singing society, German Saengerbund; Bloomington Mannerchoir; Decatur singing society; Turner singers; Leavenworth singers; Peru singers; Edwardsville Saengerbund; Peoria Mannerchor. Members of Chicago posts, G.A.R., were present from the following: Nos. 5, 28, 40, 46 and 306, while a number of comrades from different posts over the country dropped into town. The bands were: Germania, Chicago; Springfield, City and Illinois Watch Factory; Spencer's Light Guard, Peoria; Arsenal and Knight Templars, St. Louis, and the Jacksonville Electric Light Drum corps.

Fire Companies.

Only one fire company was in line—No. 4, of Peoria. The boys did not bring their "machines," but turned out a goodly number of men, well uniformed, and stalwart enough to cope with any number of fires. These, with the delegations from the local societies and citizens, made up the audience, and at the close marched back to the city, where the halt was called in front of the Leland hotel, where cheers were given for Gens. Logan, Oglesby and Smith. The line was broken at the G. A. R. hall, and the parade was a thing of the past.

At the Lincoln Residence.

The Lincoln residence had been appropriately draped by Mr. Oldroyd, and the decorations, although few and plain, were in excellent taste. A number of G. A. R. men called during the day and evening, among whom was Gen. A. J. Smith, grand marshal of the day. Last evening, by special invitation, the visiting and local members of the Sons of Veterans called at the residence, were hospitably received, and the boys were entertained by witnessing and hearing descriptions of relics connected with Lincoln and the war, which closed before many of them were born. During the evening Mr. Oldroyd related the following incident: In the center of the lower room stands a tablet, supported on a stand made from timber taken from Lincoln's boarding house at New Salem. The tablet stands on the exact spot where Mr. Lincoln stood when he received the news of his nomination in 1860. Tuesday night Dr. S. F. Smith took his stand by this tablet, the company closed about him and sang "America" to his great gratification. He has presented Mr. Oldyrod with the original draft of his poem read last year at the memorial service and it is held as one of the most valued articles in the collection.

The Decorations.

The decorations at the state house were of the most elaborate character and great skill and taste were displayed in the arrangement of the pots and plants. The contributions for this work came from Washington and various parts of the country, being offerings of numerous admirers of the great and good Lincoln. Upon the pedestal of each niche of the rotunda on the office floor, were countless pot plants. The statue of Lincoln, just to the west of the entrance to the governor's office, was profusely garlanded with palmettos, palms and innumerable flowers. A wire arch, with the ends resting upon the floor and crowning the statue, was liberally decorated with evergreens and flowers. In the center of the arch, beautifully wrought in many colored flowers, were the words "In Memoriam." The base of the statue of Douglas, across the hall, was covered with plants and flowers. From the chandalier in the center of the hall, hung a handsome basket of flowers of different hues. In memorial hall the cases containing the flags were looped with strings of evergreens, as were also the chandeliers. At the east end of the room was an arch upon which the figures "1865-1885" were artistically arranged in variegated flowers. At the base of the arch and in the opposite corner were large and costly plants. To one side of the arch was an American flag worked in colored flowers, and upon the other side a shield, both very handsome. All the decorations were the work of tried and skilled hands, and such a collection we venture to assert was never witnessed in this or any other city. They were the great admiration of all the strangers in the city who viewed them.

Two wagons were most tastily fitted up with flowers of every description. In order that the designs would show to the best advantage, they were festooned to a frame made in the form of a cave. An immense consignment was received from abroad. Lincoln Park, of Chicago, kindly donated some beautiful pieces, through Mrs. Robyne—one a lyre which cost $100 and containing roses which were purchased at a cost of $60. Among other flowers and designs were a wheel and anchor made of immortelles and sent by the Michael Seed and Plant company, of St. Louis. Two cases of daisies and lilies were brought from California by Gen. E. A. Sherman, commander-in-chief of the National Grand Commandery of the Lincoln Guard of Honor. They were sent by Mrs. Hon. T. W. Spaulding, of Oakland, Cal., in behalf of the ladies of California. F. W. Gentemann, florist of Quincy, sent a beautiful wreath of roses and camelias. H. W. Buckbee, proprietor of the Rockford, Ill., seed farm, donated a handsome combination of sickle and wheat on an easel. Adison Keith, of Chicago, sent a beautiful wreath. Edson Keys, a friend of C. A. Gehrmann, of Washington, sent a beautiful design from the national greenhouse, which were secured by a personal appeal to President Cleveland.

The donation of the Lincoln school of this city was beautiful and much admired by strangers. It was the "Gates Ajar" made with immortelles and other flowers. At the base was a combination of colors forming the words, "Charity for all." The Stuart school; wreath with a star on top had a pleasing effect.

The Palmer school deserve credit for the taste displayed in the arrangement of colors. The McClernand school presented a harp of immortelles. The Training school made a very pretty anchor. The High school design was a ladder, and was highly praised. A card and a handsome anchor and star bore the name of Mrs. J. F. Brooks and school. The Douglas school was represented by a beautiful scroll made of immortelles, and the name of the school in blue flowers. The Edwards school gave a ship most tastily executed.

The rain prevented the elaborate system of decorations which had been prepared by the business men. Several braved the rain, among the John Bressmer, whose show window was beautifully draped. Herndon & Co. had a pretty arch at the corner of Fifth and Adams. C. M. Smith had out white and black bunting, but the most elaborate was Memorial hall, at the state house. Flowers, flags and evergreens were used profusely and the effect was very fine. The hall was thronged during the day and until late in the evening. The old soldiers sought out their old battle flags and fought their battles o'er, while the boys and girls listened and wondered at the display.

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LONG PLEDGE KEPT TO HONOR LINCOLN

Last of Three Jersey Men Holds Service as Planned in 1911—School Unveils Statue.

Special to THE NEW YORK TIMES.

EAST ORANGE, N. J., Feb. 12.—A pledge made twenty-three years ago by three East Orange men to hold each year until the end of their lives a memorial service here on Feb. 12 for Abraham Lincoln was carried out today by the sole survivor of the trio, David L. Pierson, East Orange historian.

Last year Lincoln E. Rowley, city clerk of East Orange for a quarter of a century, and Mr. Pierson arranged the service. Mr. Rowley died a few months later. Frederick Danby, a civic leader of East Orange, the third man to make the pledge, died several years ago.

The service today, as in previous years, was held in the East Orange City Hall Council Chambers. About 450 persons, including Spanish-American and World War veterans and Boy and Girl Scouts, were present. Mr. Pierson and the Rev. Dr. Carl G. Erickson, president of Upsala College, East Orange, made addresses.

Mr. Pierson, Mr. Rowley and Mr. Danby made their pledge to carry out the Lincoln day service on the day William Howard Taft, then President of the United States, came to East Orange to unveil a monument to Lincoln. After the service today Boy Scouts placed a wreath at the base of the monument, which is on Oraton Parkway.

A bronze statue of Abraham Lincoln "the Railsplitter," by Archimedes Giacomantonio of Jersey City, was unveiled at Lincoln High School, Jersey City, yesterday morning.

James R. Erwin, judge-designate of the Hudson County Court of Common Pleas, was principal speaker at the exercises. Betty Sangston read her essay, "The Friend of Youth," selected as the best Lincoln essay written by a senior.

The statue was unveiled in the school lobby by Robert Fernekes and Dorothy Lundholm, president and vice president, respectively of the senior class. It was purchased with money from a Lincoln memorial fund established in 1916 by the first graduating class and added to by each graduating class.